

STARBLAZER

The cover art features a close-up of a character wearing a blue, helmet-like mask with circular eye openings. The character has a determined expression and is wearing a red jacket. A futuristic, metallic weapon is visible in the lower right corner. The background is a dynamic, abstract composition of orange, red, and blue hues, suggesting a high-speed or action-packed environment. The title 'STARBLAZER' is prominently displayed at the top in a large, bold, blue font with a white outline. Below it, the subtitle 'FUTURE FICTION IN PICTURES No. 212' is written in a smaller, blue font. In the upper right corner, the page count '28p' is enclosed in a blue oval. At the bottom, the words 'ROGUE' and 'COP' are written in a large, bold, blue font with a white outline, stacked vertically.

FUTURE FICTION IN PICTURES No. 212

28p

**ROGUE
COP**

**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***



On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

ROGUE COP



THE ADVENT OF HYPER SPACE TRAVEL PRODUCED A DEMAND FOR INCREASINGLY MORE POWERFUL FORMS OF ENERGY. EVENTUALLY ONE SUCH MATERIAL WAS FOUND — STRONTILCITE — UNIQUE TO THE PLANET ZOOR. SUCH WAS ITS VALUE THAT ANY RISK TO MINE STRONTILCITE WAS WORTH IT.

THE PROFIT THE HIGHLY SOUGHT AFTER CRYSTALS BROUGHT ON THE INTERGALACTIC BLACK MARKET, MEANT EACH LOAD WAS RIPE FOR STEALING . . . SO EVER ARTIK TRANSPORT WAS CHECKED.

BY THE — A LEO* FLIER!

THIS IS THE BLUES. PULL OVER AND HALT UP AHEAD.



*L.E.O. — LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER.

KNOWING THE BLUE UNIFORMED LEO'S WERE CAPABLE OF BLASTING THEM OFF THE HYPERWAY, THE DRIVER CURSED AGAIN AND SWUNG THE FREIGHTER INTO A SERVICE ROAD.

THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF — I KNOW IT. WE'RE BLOWN!



ONLY YOU, OFFICER — A ROUTINE STOP?

YES! YOUR EXHAUST UNITS ARE EMITTING TOO MUCH TOXIC WASTE. YOUR PAPERS, PLEASE.



BUT AS LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER RENZ MOVED TO INSPECT THE REAR OF THE MASSIVE VEHICLE, A DEVICE ON HIS ARM CHATTERED OUT—

HELLO — THE STRONTILCITE DETECTOR IS RESPONDING TO SOMETHING.

HE'S FOUND IT!
STOP HIM!

RENZ TO ANY UNIT NEAR
HYPERWAY 7, GRADE A1
ASSISTANCE. POSITION 34A ...
SOUTHBOUND ... AAAAA ...

JUPE ... HE GOT
OFF A WARNING!

THE NEAREST OFFICER WAS HAL
RENKO, WHO PICKED UP THE CALL.

GRADE A1 ... THAT
MEANS BIG TROUBLE.

I'VE BEEN HIT ... SUBJECT
NOW HEADING WEST ON
A85 ... COUGH ... I NEED
NO ASSISTANCE ...
SPLUTTER ... ENGAGE IN
PURSUIT.

VEHICLE X20K
PULL IN — NOW!

RENKO GUNNED HIS FLIER TO
INTERCEPT THE SPEEDING
VEHICLE—



BUT IT DIDN'T STOP, SO RENKO FIRED A LASBEAM AT THE REAR DRIVE UNIT OF THE VEHICLE.

OH... NOOOOOOO!

CRUMPL!

BY THE TIME RENKO DESCENDED, THE RESCUE SQUADS WERE IN CONTROL.

THERE'S THE STUFF HIDDEN WITHIN THE CARGO. IT WAS ONLY DETECTED BY CHANCE. A MINUTE SPLIT IN THE PROTECTIVE CASING AND RENZ JUST HAPPENING TO BE NEAR ENOUGH TO SUSS IT.

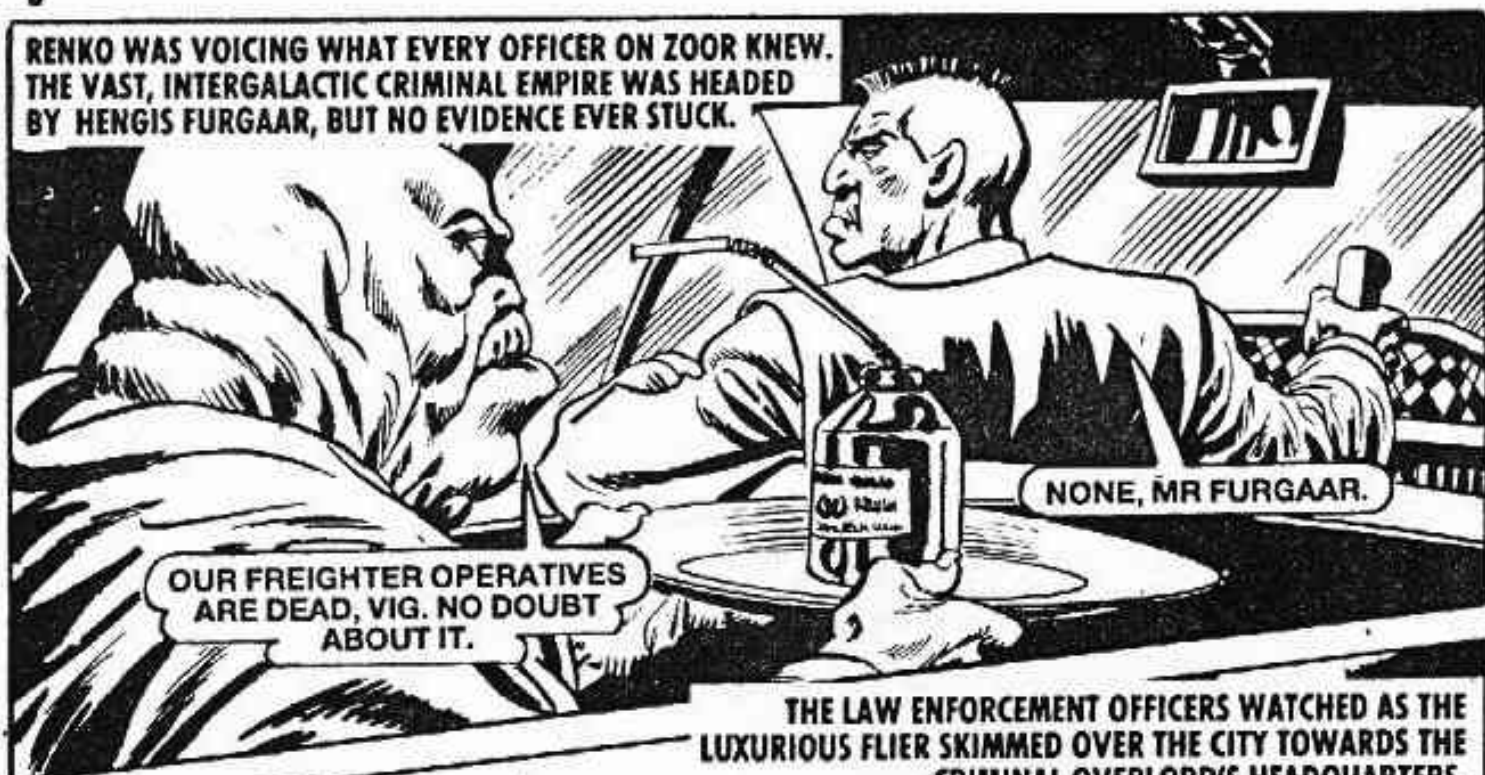
YEAH... AND HE GOT CREAMED FOR IT!

AT THAT MOMENT A DISTINCTIVE CRAFT OVERFLEW THE CRASH AREA.

THE CRIMOS ARE DEAD. JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE...

NO! TWO PIECES OF TRASH FOR ONE BLUE IS NO TRADE. WE WANT THE BOSS, AND EVEN HE ISN'T WORTH THE LIFE OF ONE BLUE. TALKING OF THE BOSS... THERE GOES HIS CRAFT.

RENKO WAS VOICING WHAT EVERY OFFICER ON ZOOR KNEW. THE VAST, INTERGALACTIC CRIMINAL EMPIRE WAS HEADED BY HENGIS FURGAAR, BUT NO EVIDENCE EVER STUCK.



OUR FREIGHTER OPERATIVES ARE DEAD, VIG. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

NONE, MR FURGAAR.

THE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS WATCHED AS THE LUXURIOUS FLIER SKIMMED OVER THE CITY TOWARDS THE CRIMINAL OVERLORD'S HEADQUARTERS.



THERE HE GOES TO HIS SKY MANSION. ALL PAID FOR BY THE FRUITS OF HIS VILE RACKETS. YET WE CAN'T EVEN PIN A TRAFFIC VIOLATION ON HIM!

WELL, HE'S NO BUSINESS BEING IN A DANGER ZONE — I'LL BOOK HIM FOR LOITERING.

INSIDE RENKO SOMETHING HAD
SNAPPED. DEAF TO HIS COLLEAGUES'
PROTESTS HE BLASTED SKYWARDS.

HALT THAT SHIP,
GARBAGE... HALT
OR I AIM TO HIT!

WHAT IN THE
COSMOS?

RENKO'S ENERGY
CANNONS LASHED OUT
AGAIN AND AGAIN,
UNTIL —

ABORT YOUR
ATTACK, RENKO.



BUT RENKO IGNORED THE LEO COMMANDER
AND CONTINUED TO CLOSE IN ON THE FLIER.

THE VERMINOUS
CREATURE NEEDS TO
BE TAUGHT A
LESSON. I'LL —

CEASE FIRE, RENKO, OR YOU'LL
BE BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY!

FURGAAR'S CRAFT LIMPED INTO THE
DOCKING BAY OF HIS VAST COMPLEX—

I WANT THAT COP, VIG. I WANT HIM
CRUSHED AND DESTROYED LIKE
THE INSECT HE IS.



SOON, AT LAW ENFORCEMENT CONTROL.

SHOOTING UP THE
FLIER OF A WELL-
KNOWN CITIZEN IS
NOT THE WAY WE
POLICE ZOOR.

HE'S GUILTY OF A THOUSAND
CRIMES, BUT WE CAN NEVER
CONVICT HIM. BLUES LIKE RENZ
GET WASTED AND WE DO
SWEET NOTHING! I QUIT!

RENKO WAS SUSPENDED,
PENDING AN ENQUIRY.

BYE, BYE, BLUES —
I MAY BE
OFFICIALLY A COP,
BUT FROM NOW ON
I DO THINGS MY
WAY... I'M A
ROGUE COP!

FURGAAL ALREADY HAD A
CONTRACT OUT ON RENKO.

THERE HE IS! NOW TO EARN
OURSELVES A NICE FAT BONUS.

WASTING HIM RIGHT OUTSIDE
THE LEO BUILDING IS DOING IT
WITH STYLE, EH, SLIK! HA, HAI

BUT AS THE ASSASSIN'S FINGER
TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER, ANOTHER
FLIER INNOCENTLY BLUNDERED INTO THE
WAY.

WHA?

RENKO RECOVERED QUICKLY AS
THE FLIER CIRCLED FOR
ANOTHER ATTACK.

HEY, I THOUGHT HE
WOULD BE UNARMED...

MISSED RENKO!







SOON THE FLIER WAS COMING IN
TO LAND AT A SKYPLATFORM—

YOU'RE CRAZY!
AND DEAD, THE
MOMENT YOU STEP
INSIDE THE PLACE.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I'VE GOT
IN MIND, YET. I WANT AN
AWARD-WINNING ACTING
PERFORMANCE FROM YOU
WHEN WE DOCK OR YOU'RE
THE FIRST ONE TO DIE!



THE FLIER DOCKED ...

SLIK IS HURT! MUST
GET HIM TO THE MEDIC
SECTION. OUTTA MY
WAY!



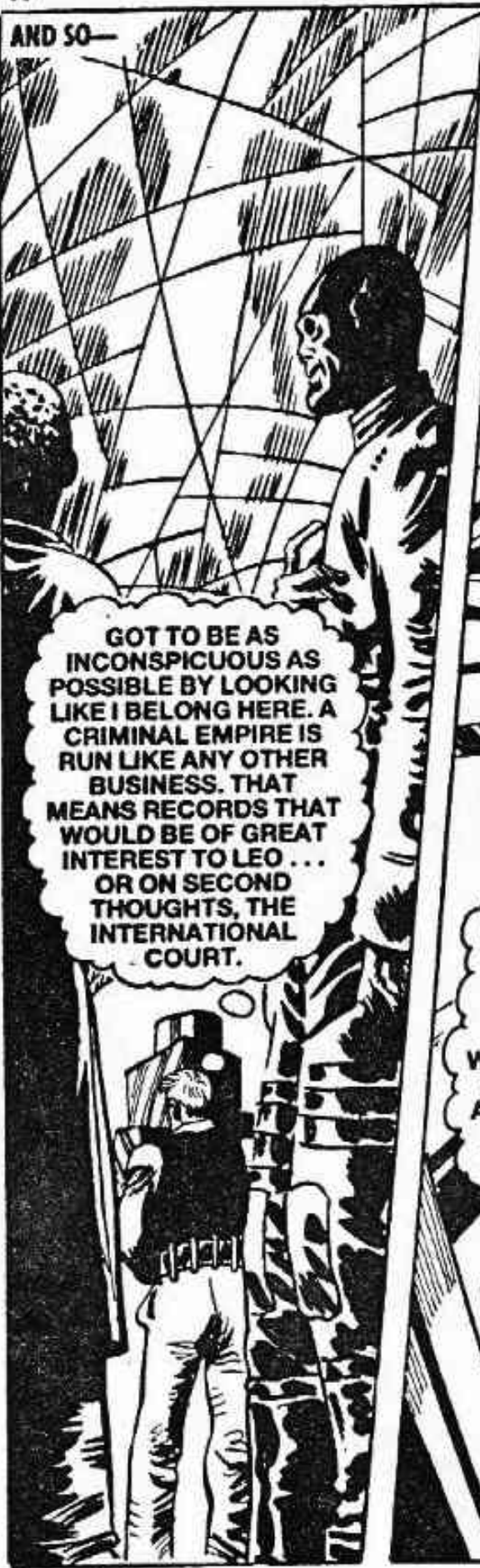
MOMENTS LATER—

THE MASTER IS WELL
GUARDED. YOU'LL NEVER
REACH HIM ...


OH, YES I WILL, BUT FIRST I
INTEND TO WIPE OUT THE
ENTIRE ORGANISATION!



AND SO—



GOT TO BE AS INCONSPICUOUS AS POSSIBLE BY LOOKING LIKE I BELONG HERE. A CRIMINAL EMPIRE IS RUN LIKE ANY OTHER BUSINESS. THAT MEANS RECORDS THAT WOULD BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO LEO... OR ON SECOND THOUGHTS, THE INTERNATIONAL COURT.



RENKO MADE HIS WAY WITHOUT INCIDENT INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SKYBASE.

HEY, YOU!
WHAT
D'YA WANT?

THE
COMMUNICATIONS
AND
ADMINISTRATION
CENTRE. GREAT
COSMOS — NO
WONDER FURGAAR IS
ALWAYS ONE STEP
AHEAD OF US — HE'S
MONITORING THE
TOP SECURITY LEO
CHANNELS!



SLEEP WELL,
GENTS!



THE REMAINING
TECHNICIAN FROZE WITH
FEAR

CO-OPERATE OR DIE, BROTHER.
ACCESS TO ALL THE DRUGS
TRAFFICKING DATA, BRIBE
TAKERS AND CONTACTS WITH
TERRORIST ORGANISATIONS,
AND OTHER INFORMATION I'LL
SPECIFY. HURRY, OR DIE...



THE INFORMATION WAS FED AT MEGA-
HIGH SPEED INTO A STORAGE MODULE
WHICH RENKO SNATCHED FROM THE
CONSOLE AS AN ALERT SIGNAL SCREECHED
THROUGHOUT THE BASE.

I'VE ENOUGH INFORMATION
HERE TO BLOW FURGAAR'S
ORGANISATION WIDE
OPEN — PROVIDED I GET
OUT WITH IT. THAT ISN'T
GOING TO BE EASY.

MOMENTS LATER, RENKO WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS VERY SURVIVAL.



FINALLY HE WAS INSIDE THE DOCK, HIS GUN WRECKING THE DOOR MECHANISM BEHIND HIM.

THIS IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE — FURGAAR'S OWN PLANET HOPPER. NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!



BUT AS HE STORMED UP THE RAMP.

TWO GUNS BLAZED ...

YOU!!

OH, MY ...

I'M GONNA BLOW YOU
AWAY, LITTLE MAN —
AAARGH!

DESPITE BEING HIT,
VIG KEPT ON
COMING—

I'LL RIP YOU APART
WITH MY BARE HANDS,
LEO SCUM.



RENKO TACKLED VIG—

DOWN, BOY!

AS VIG RECOVERED, RENKO WAS
SCRAMBLING INTO THE CRAFT.

THANKS FOR THE WORKOUT,
VIG. SO SORRY I HAVE TO RUSH.

YOU'RE A
DEAD MAN!



MOMENTS LATER—

A PERFECT ESCAPE!
WHAT A PITY THIS
CRAFT ISN'T ARMED. IT
WOULD BE TEMPTING
TO BLAST THAT
COMPLEX OUT OF THE
SKY ...

NOW TO GET YOU TO TIGRUS
BETA WHERE THE
INTERNATIONAL COURT HAS A
MAJOR BASE. THE INFORMATION I
HAVE WILL DEAL A DEATH BLOW
TO ORGANISED CRIME IN THIS
PART OF THE GALAXY.



JUST THEN THE VIDSREEN
BLINKED ON...

YOU DARE TO THINK
YOU CAN MAKE A
DIFFERENCE,
RENKO? A PUNY
CREATURE —
AGAINST ME! YOUR
ATTEMPT TO
THREATEN MY
OPERATIONS IS
DOOMED TO FAILURE!



YOU'VE GOT TO
CATCH ME FIRST,
UGLY! THAT WON'T
BE EASY. THIS
PLANET HOPPER OF
YOURS CAN
CERTAINLY MOVE!

SO TOO DOES THE BARRACUDA
CRAFT NEWLY IN FROM
ZARGON SIX WHICH IS ALREADY
IN PURSUIT. YOU
UNDERESTIMATE THE
RESOURCES AT MY DISPOSAL.
IT HALTED ONLY TO TAKE VIG
AND HIS MERCENARY CURS
ABOARD. VIG IS MOST EAGER
TO MEET YOU AGAIN...




ICY FINGERS OF DREAD TOUCHED RENKO'S SPINE.



MUST PUSH THIS CRAFT TO THE
LIMIT... CALLING TIGRUS
BETA... PRIORITY... THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY...



AS RENKO ATTEMPTED TO CONTACT HIS
DESTINATION, POWERFUL JAMMING
SIGNALS BLOTTED OUT ALL TRANSMISSIONS.



HE WASTES HIS TIME. HIS
SIGNALS WILL NEVER REACH
THE AUTHORITIES — NEITHER
WILL HE! HA! HA!

THE CRUISER CLOSED IN
ON THE FLEEING CRAFT—



A TRACTOR BEAM — CAN'T
BREAK FREE . . .

BOARDING PARTY, STAND
BY. REMEMBER, I WANT HIM
ALIVE.

AS THE SHIP WAS PULLED ALONGSIDE, A BOARDING TUNNEL WAS EXTENDED.

DOOR MECHANISM
TRIPPED. HERE WE GO!

BACK, YOU DEVILS!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU
LIKE A GAS GRENADE,
BLUES PIG ...

CAN'T — BREATHE ...

SECONDS LATER, WHEN
THE GAS CLEARED, RENKO
WAS HELPLESS.

YOU HAVE
CAUSED ME
MORE TROUBLE
THAN YOU ARE
WORTH!

AND I'LL
CAUSE MORE!

IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE
ERADICATED — BUT NOT AS
QUICKLY AS THIS TAPE YOU
WERE STEALING.

RENKO WAS MANACLED TO THE PILOT'S CHAIR.

THE DEVICE I HAVE LINKED
TO THE CONTROLS WILL
TAKE YOU ON A LONG
JOURNEY, DOG. ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK —
AND RELAX!

MOMENTS LATER, RENKO WAS
ALONE. THE CONTROL DEVICE
BEGAN ITS WORK . . .

IN A FEW MOMENTS,
YOU WILL BE BLASTING
AT MAXIMUM THRUST
INTO THE VOID. THERE
IS NO ONE OUT
THERE — NO PLANETARY
SYSTEMS — BARELY A
STRAY ASTEROID!

GET LOST,
DRAGON BREATH!

YOU'VE GOT A ONE-WAY
TICKET TO NOWHERE!
GOODBYE, ROGUE COP!

RENKO LOST COUNT
OF THE HOURS AS HE
STRUGGLED AGAINST
HIS BONDS, THE
CRAFT BUILDING UP
AN ENORMOUS
VELOCITY AS IT
PLUNGED DEEPER
INTO THE VOID ...

THERE'LL BE OTHERS LIKE ME,
VIG. SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW,
YOUR EVIL WILL BE
DESTROYED ...

THERE'S SOME
GIVE IN THE
ARMREST — A
LOOSE JOINT.
MUST KEEP
WORKING AT IT —
MUST GET FREE
WHILST THERE'S
STILL FUEL
AVAILABLE TO GET
ME BACK —
MUSTN'T GIVE
UP ...

HE CONTINUED, FIGHTING TO IGNORE
THE PAIN AND THE GROWING
CRAVING FOR FOOD AND WATER.
MANY HOURS LATER—

AT LAST ... F... FREE.
MUST TURN THE SHIP
AROUND ...

BUT EVEN AS HE REACHED FOR THE CONTROLS—

FUEL STATUS
NIL

OH, MY STARS! I'M TOO LATE. THE ENGINE HAS CUT. NO FUEL . . .

SOON RENKO HAD FREED HIS OTHER ARM. HIS FIRST MOVE THEN WAS TO ACTIVATE THE EMERGENCY BEACON . . .

ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT, AND PRAY! WHERE DO THEY KEEP THE FOOD AND DRINK AROUND HERE? F . . . FEEL SO WEAK . . .

BUT IN THE GALLEY ...

ALL FOOD
AND WATER
CONTAMINATED.



THERE WAS LITTLE HE COULD SALVAGE ...



THIS IS WHAT VIG WANTS — ME
BEING REDUCED TO THIS
PATHETIC STAGE — GROVELLING
FOR THE MEREST MORSEL —
DOOMED TO A SLOW, WASTING
DEATH.





RENKO RIGGED THE ENGINE'S REACTOR TO EXPLODE, UNAWARE OF A SILENT WATCHER.



AS HE PREPARED FOR THE BLAST, RENKO WAS TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT HE WAS NO LONGER ALONE.

ALTER COURSE, ZAARD. THE SHREEL SHUN CONTACT WITH THE BARBARIANS FROM THAT GALAXY...

TO IGNORE WHAT SEEMS TO BE A DISTRESS SIGNAL WOULD MAKE US THE BARBARIANS, SELZON. BESIDES, OUR SHIP IS SHIELDED, INVISIBLE TO THEIR SENSORS...

I PERCEIVE A MOUNTING SURGE OF ENERGY WITHIN THAT PRIMITIVE CRAFT. ITS DESTRUCTION IS IMMINENT. WE MUST WITHDRAW!

NO! WAIT! THERE IS A LIFE SIGN WITHIN.

THE STRANGE, CRYSTALLINE DEVICES OF THE ALIENS PROBED THE DOOMED SHIP...

A CREATURE FACING TERMINATION OF EXISTENCE. WE CANNOT IGNORE ITS FLIGHT. PREPARE THE TELEPORT BEAM!


SECONDS LATER, THE CRAFT BEGAN TO DISINTEGRATE. RENKO'S ATTEMPT HAD FAILED...

MAY YOU AND YOUR KIND ROT IN HADES, HENGIS FURGAAR!

ENERGISE!

RENKO WAS PLUCKED FROM THE SHIP JUST AS IT DISINTEGRATED.

BOOM!



**EVASIVE BOOST —
MAXIMUM WARP!**

**THE TELEPORTATION
CHAMBER CONTAINS A
BODY WRECKED BY
THE EXPLOSION. YET
THE SPARK OF LIFE
REMAINS! WE SHREEL
CHERISH LIFE. I VOW I
WILL DO EVERYTHING
IN MY POWER TO HELP
THIS TERRAN — TO
RESTORE HIM . . .**

**THE SHREEL LEFT THE SHOCKWAVE
FAR BEHIND.**

SELZON WORKED WITH HASTE—

WE SHREEL HAVE BIO-TECHNIQUES AND RESOURCES THE TERRAN COULD NEVER COMPREHEND. A PITY THAT SPECIES HAS NEVER EVOLVED THE CAPACITY TO REGENERATE ORGANS AND LIMBS. WITH SUCH DAMAGE DONE TO ITS BODY I'M FORCED TO IMPROVISE...

FINALLY...

A MIXTURE OF ORGANIC TRANSPLANTS AND TISSUE GRAFTS HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE, SELZON.

FOR WHAT, ZAARD? HE IS NO LONGER RECOGNISABLE AS A TERRAN...



... HE IS NO LONGER A
HUMAN BEING!

PHYSICALLY THAT MAY
BE SO, BUT ...

FORCES INCOMPREHENSIBLE
TO THE HUMAN MIND
THRUST THE SHREEL CRAFT
ACROSS THE INTERSTELLAR
GULF, UNTIL—

YOU ARE ALIVE. WE
ARE SHREEL. YOU ARE
ABOARD OUR SHIP. DO
NOT BE FRIGHTENED ...

HE'S REGAINING
CONSCIOUSNESS. HE'LL BE
CONFUSED,
DISORIENTATED ...

MY HANDS ... MY FACE ... I
FEEL SO STRANGE —

WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE TO ME?

RENKO TRIED FRANTICALLY TO
RIP THE MASK OFF HIS FACE—

NO... NOOOOOO!
TAKE IT OFF!

RENKO WAS SUBDUED—

HE MUST BE SUBDUED
BEFORE HE HARMS HIMSELF.

I'M CRIPPLED! I'M A MONSTER.
WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE?

ALL LIFE, WHATEVER ITS
FORM, IS PRECIOUS TO THE
SHREEL, TERRAN.

TIME PASSED, THE SHREEL OBSERVING THEIR TORTURED GUEST WITH GRAVE CONCERN . . .

HE HAS RETREATED INTO HIMSELF — NOT TAKEN ANY FOOD. MUST WE NOW STAND BY AS HE THROWS HIMSELF TO HIS DESTRUCTION, ZAARD?

WE HAVE OFFERED HIM THE GIFT OF LIFE, YET WE CANNOT MAKE HIM KEEP IT IF HE HAS LOST THE WILL TO LIVE . . .

BUT RENKO HAD MADE HIS DECISION — HE WOULD LIVE!

I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE, FURGAAR! I'LL RETURN AND ACCOMPLISH WHAT THE LEO S CAN'T — THE DESTRUCTION OF YOU AND YOUR STINKING KIND —





SUDDENLY RENKO WAS A MAN POSSESSED—

SLOWLY, HE BEGAN TO GAIN CONTROL OF HIS REPLACEMENT LIMBS AGAIN, TO BUILD UP HIS STRENGTH HE PUT HIMSELF THROUGH A PUNISHING REGIME OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE—



THE WEEKS BECAME MONTHS ...

THE DAYS BECAME WEEKS—



FINALLY—

I AM AS READY AS EVER I WILL BE.
NOW IT IS TIME FOR ME TO
RETURN TO TERRAN SPACE. FOR
THAT I NEED MORE OF YOUR
HELP, MY FRIENDS.

YOU ARE GOING BACK — FOR
WHAT? TO FIGHT AND
UNDOUBTEDLY DIE! WHY NOT
STAY HERE? THIS IS NOW
YOUR HOME.

BUT RENKO WOULDN'T LISTEN—

NO! I HAVE
THINGS TO DO!

SO BE IT, TERRAN. TELL
US WHERE YOU MUST GO.

RENKO WISHED TO GO TO GALDRON FIVE — A TRADING PLANET ...

LOOKS LIKE A MUTIE!
THEY MAKE MY SKIN CRAWL ...

IT WAS HARD LEAVING MY SHREEL FRIENDS. HERE I AM LOATHED BY THOSE WHO WERE MY OWN KIND — THOSE I PREPARE TO FIGHT FOR ...

SOME TIME LATER—

THAT CONSIGNMENT OF HALUCI-SPICE WAS UNDERWEIGHT, KAR ...

KAR ... FURGAAR'S AGENT! AT LAST I AM ON THE TRAIL.

RENKO WATCHED AS VIOLENCE FLARED—

YOU CHEATING CUR.
I'LL — ARGH!

YOU DO NOT TOUCH KAR! THE PRICE FOR STUPIDITY IS DEATH!

BUT THE TRADER WAS NOT ALONE ...

KILL THEM! I'M TAKING
OVER G5'S
OPERATIONS AS OF
NOW!

THIS COULD BE
MY CHANCE ...

RENKO LASHED OUT.

WHAT THE
— UNGH!

DON'T POINT ...



FEARFUL OF RENKO, THE CROWD HELD BACK UNTIL—



STEPPING INTO THE MAN'S PATH, RENKO GRABBED HIM AND THREW HIM—

FOLLOW ME! YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT. MOVE!

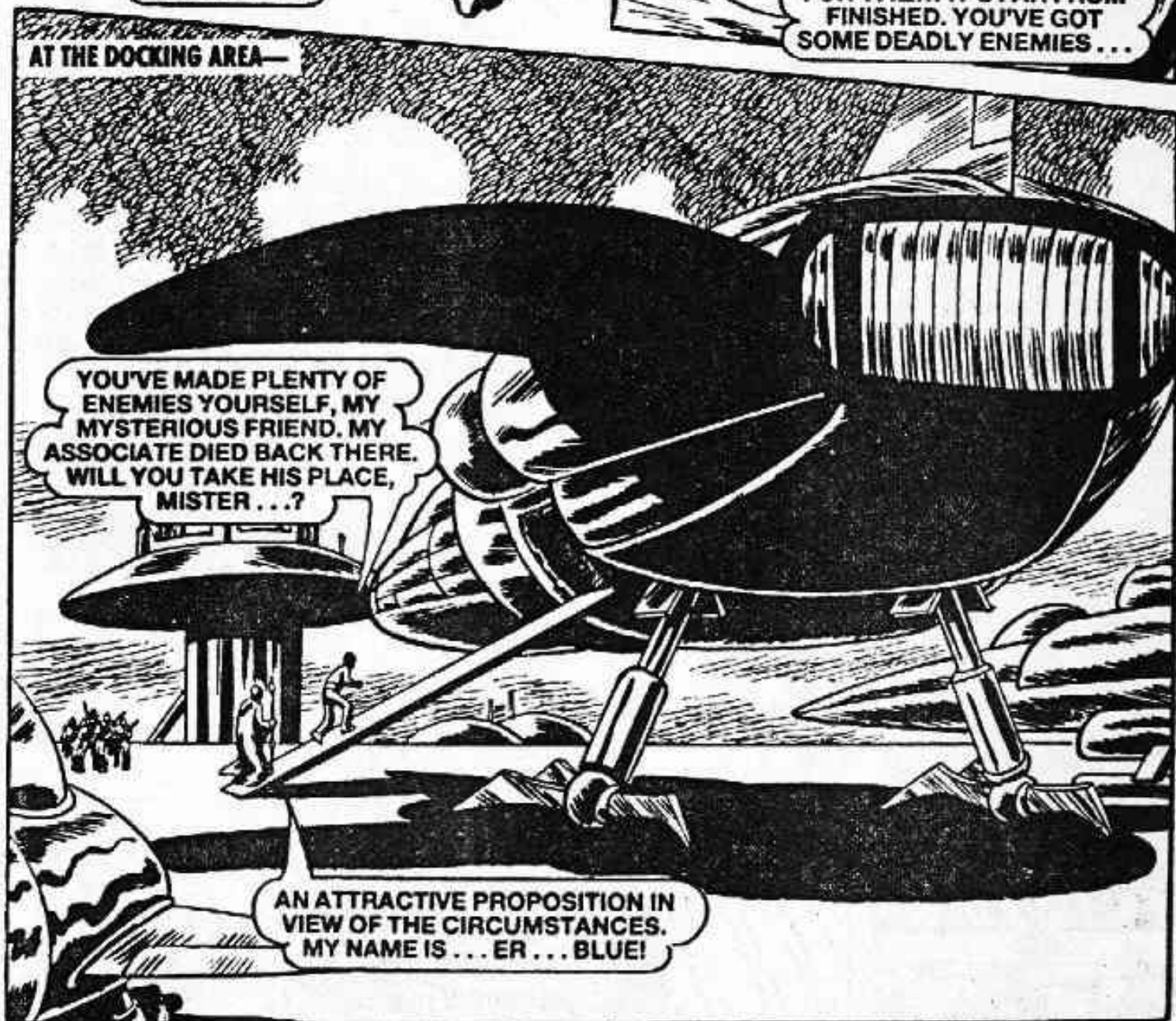


THIS WAY!

THE MATERIALS WHICH THE SHREEL HAD USED TO REBUILD RENKO'S SHATTERED BODY GAVE IT INCREDIBLE STRENGTH — WHICH HE NOW USED TO GREAT EFFECT!

BY THE STARS — SOME EXIT!





AFTER MANY PARSECS—

... NOW I MUST
INFILTRATE
FURGAAR'S
ORGANISATION!

YOU ARE PENSIVE,
BLUE. YET I JUDGE
YOU ARE A MAN OF
ACTION ... I MIGHT
NEED YOU SOON!

WE'VE ARRIVED! NOW TO
TRANSMIT A CODED
SIGNAL.

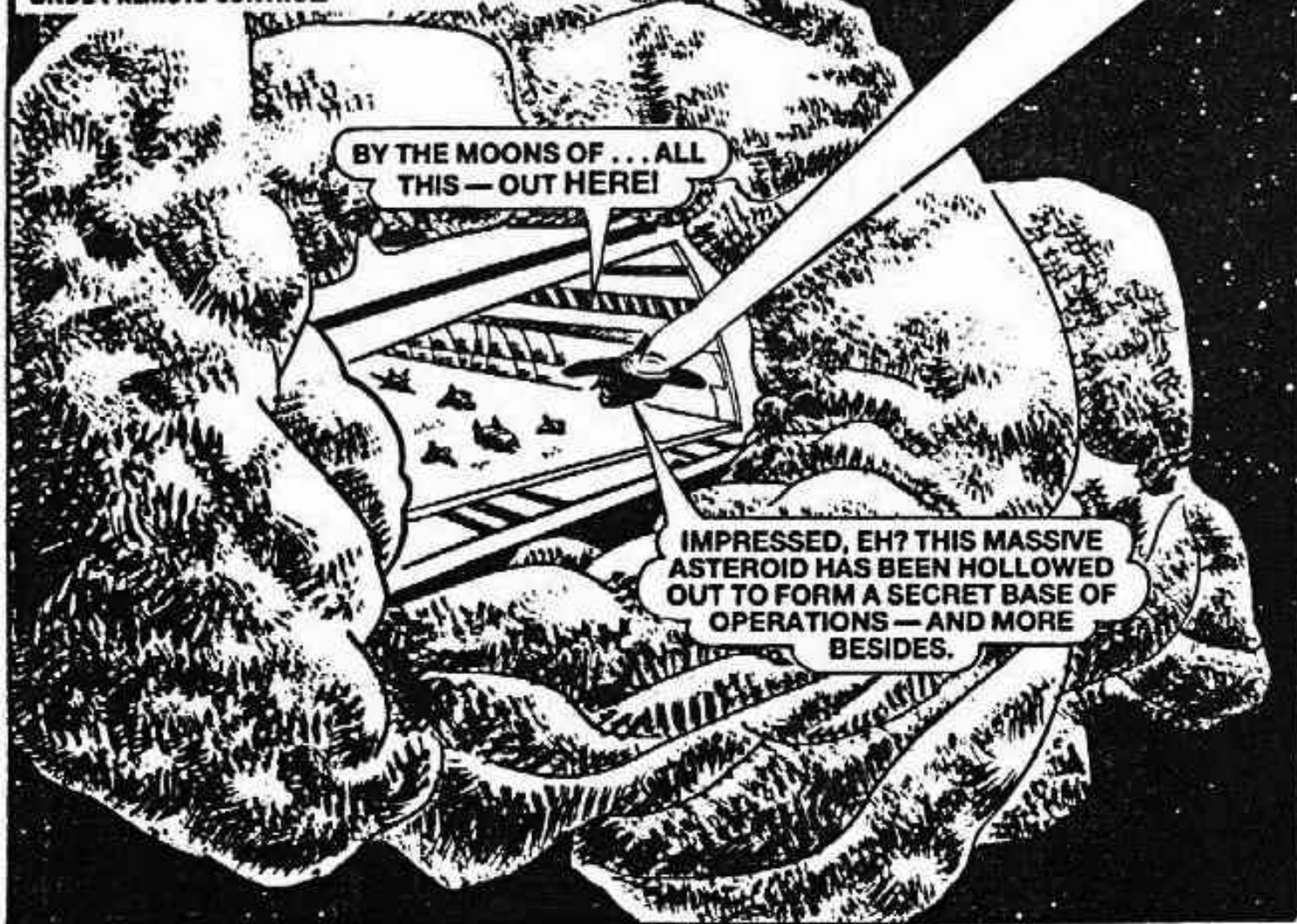
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
HERE, MISTER KAR. ONLY
DEAD ASTEROIDS ...

SUDDENLY THE VIEWSCREEN CAME TO LIFE.



YOUR SIGNAL CHECKS OUT. YOU MAY APPROACH, KAR. OUR NAVI-COMPUTERS WILL GUIDE YOU IN.

MOMENTS LATER, AS THEY NEARED A HUGE ASTEROID, THE SHIP WAS TAKEN UNDER REMOTE CONTROL.



BY THE MOONS OF ... ALL THIS — OUT HERE!

IMPRESSED, EH? THIS MASSIVE ASTEROID HAS BEEN HOLLOWED OUT TO FORM A SECRET BASE OF OPERATIONS — AND MORE BESIDES.

THE SHIP TOUCHED DOWN WITHIN A MASSIVE HANGAR—



I'M SURE THE LEO'S HAVE NO INKLING THIS PLACE EXISTS. FURGAAR IS MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN EVER I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR.



GOOD GRIEF! FEELTZ ZENDO, GANG BOSS OF THE ALDIHR QUADRANT. THE THIRD GALACTIC GANG BOSS I'VE RECOGNISED. WHY ARE THEY ALL ASSEMBLED HERE?



THEY WERE TAKEN DEEP INTO THE BASE—

THE CREAM OF THE LEO WANTED LIST ARE HERE. MANY OF THEM ARE DEADLY RIVALS. FOR WHAT PURPOSE ARE THEY GATHERED, I WONDER?

... OUR WORK WITH THE MERCENARY COMBAT FORCE IS NEARING COMPLETION. THEY'RE ITCHING TO GO!

SUDDENLY RENKO FOUND
HIMSELF FACE TO FACE
WITH HIS DEADLIEST
ENEMY — VIGI

HALT! WHO IS THIS
BEING, KAR?

MUST PLAY THIS
JUST RIGHT OR I
COULD END UP
DEAD.

H... HE'S MY NEW
PROTECTOR, MISTER VIG.
HE RESCUED ME WHEN
VILGRIN FAILED IN HIS
DUTIES.

REALLY... BUT PERHAPS
YOU ARE TOO EASILY
IMPRESSED. ERGOR?



BEFORE HE KNEW IT RENKO
WAS UNDER ATTACK—

GOOD, YOU SAY? NOT
GOOD ENOUGH TO
AVOID GETTING
SLICED OPEN.

CLANG!

WHAT THE ...

MY BLADE —
RUINED!

SO IS
YOUR FACE!

SECONDS LATER—

NEAT! CONCEALED BODY ARMOUR. NO WONDER YOU'RE SUCH A WEIRD SHAPE. ERGOR WAS HEADING SQUAD 3. YOU REPLACE HIM. ANY OBJECTIONS, KAR?

LITTLE DOES VIG REALISE THAT MY SO-CALLED BODY ARMOUR IS ME.

N-NO, VIG. GLAD TO BE OF ASSISTANCE...

RENKO JOINED THE OTHERS IN THEIR TRAINING. THEN, THE NEXT DAY THEY WERE SUMMONED...

THIS IS IT, THEN. NOW FOR SOME PROPER ACTION!

SOMETHING ABOUT THAT NEW ONE RINGS WARNING BELLS IN ME... BUT WHY...?

AND THEN THEY WERE FACED BY THE
GALAXY'S KING OF CRIME —

YOUR TRAINING IS NOW
COMPLETE.
OPERATION NOVA IS
THE MOST AMBITIOUS
CRIMINAL VENTURE
EVER UNDERTAKEN.
YOU ARE PRIVILEGED
TO BE A PART OF IT.

FURGAAR, IN PERSON.
NOW TO FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT.

AS YOU KNOW, ZOOR IS THE ONLY
PLACE IN THE GALAXY WHERE
STRONTILCITE CAN BE FOUND.
STRONTILCITE IS THE VITAL FUEL
ELEMENT FOR ALL INTERSTELLAR
CRAFT. WITHOUT IT ALL TRAVEL
STOPS. BEING IN LIMITED SUPPLY IT
IS VIRTUALLY PRICELESS.



RENKO LISTENED
WITH MOUNTING
HORROR AS
FURGAAR OUT-
LINED HIS PLAN.

FIRST, YOU WILL SEIZE THE
SPACE STATION WHICH
CONTROLS THE TRAFFIC AND
COMMUNICATIONS ON AND
AROUND ZOOR. ONCE THE LEOS
AND THEIR KIND ARE RENDERED
HARMLESS, THE CHARGES OF
HYPER EXPLOSIVE IN YOUR SHIP
WILL BE SET IN THE STONTILCITE
MINES ON THE PLANET BELOW.

THE SUBSEQUENT DETONATION WHEN YOU'RE CLEAR WILL CAUSE A CHAIN REACTION OF THE HIGHLY UNSTABLE STRONTILCITE. THE ENTIRE PLANET WILL EXPLODE.



THROUGH MY SMUGGLING OPERATIONS I HAVE AMASSED A HUGE QUANTITY OF STRONTILCITE HERE. WITH ZOOR GONE I WILL CONTROL THE ONLY SUPPLY AND THE PRICE WHEN THE GALAXY COMES BEGGING...

WE WILL LOOK AND SOUND LIKE A PASSENGER LINER IN TROUBLE. THEY WON'T FIND OUT THE TRUTH UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE. WE STRIKE HARD AND FAST.

WIPING OUT AN ENTIRE PLANET TO SATISFY FURGAAR'S LUST FOR POWER AND WEALTH... HE'S UTTERLY INSANE!

THAT STAFF STAYS HERE! TAKE THIS BLASTER INSTEAD

SOME TIME LATER —

FINALLY, AS THE SHIP APPROACHED ZOOR ...

YOUR COURSE IS IN
VIOLATION OF ZOOR
TRAFFIC CONTROL
REGULATIONS, NOVA
QUEEN ...

NAVIGATION ...
DZZT ...
MALFZZZZZZ. REQUIRE
ASSISTANCE.
PASSENGERS HURT ...
MAYDAY ...

THE UNSUSPECTING OFFICIALS GUIDED THE
SEEMINGLY STRICKEN NOVA QUEEN INTO THE STATION
DOCKING BAY. THEN —

WE COULDN'T GET ANY
SENSE OVER THE RADIO.
PREPARE TO — AIEE.

SECURE THE AREA!
CRUSH ALL OPPOSITION.

THE MERCENARIES SWARMED INTO THE SPACE STATION, MERCILESS, AND EFFICIENT ...



BY THE STARS — THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IF I'M GOING TO STOP THEM IT HAD BETTER BE SOON.

EVEN AS RENKO MOVED INTO POSITION, VIG HAD REACHED HIS OBJECTIVE.



COME IN, ZOOR ... LEO CONTROL ... COM — AIEEEE.

DIE, FIG. NOW TO SCRAMBLE THE ENTIRE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK OF YOUR WRETCHED PLANET.

AT THAT MOMENT —



RENKO KNEW THAT THE TIME HAD COME FOR HIM TO SHOW HIS TRUE COLOURS.



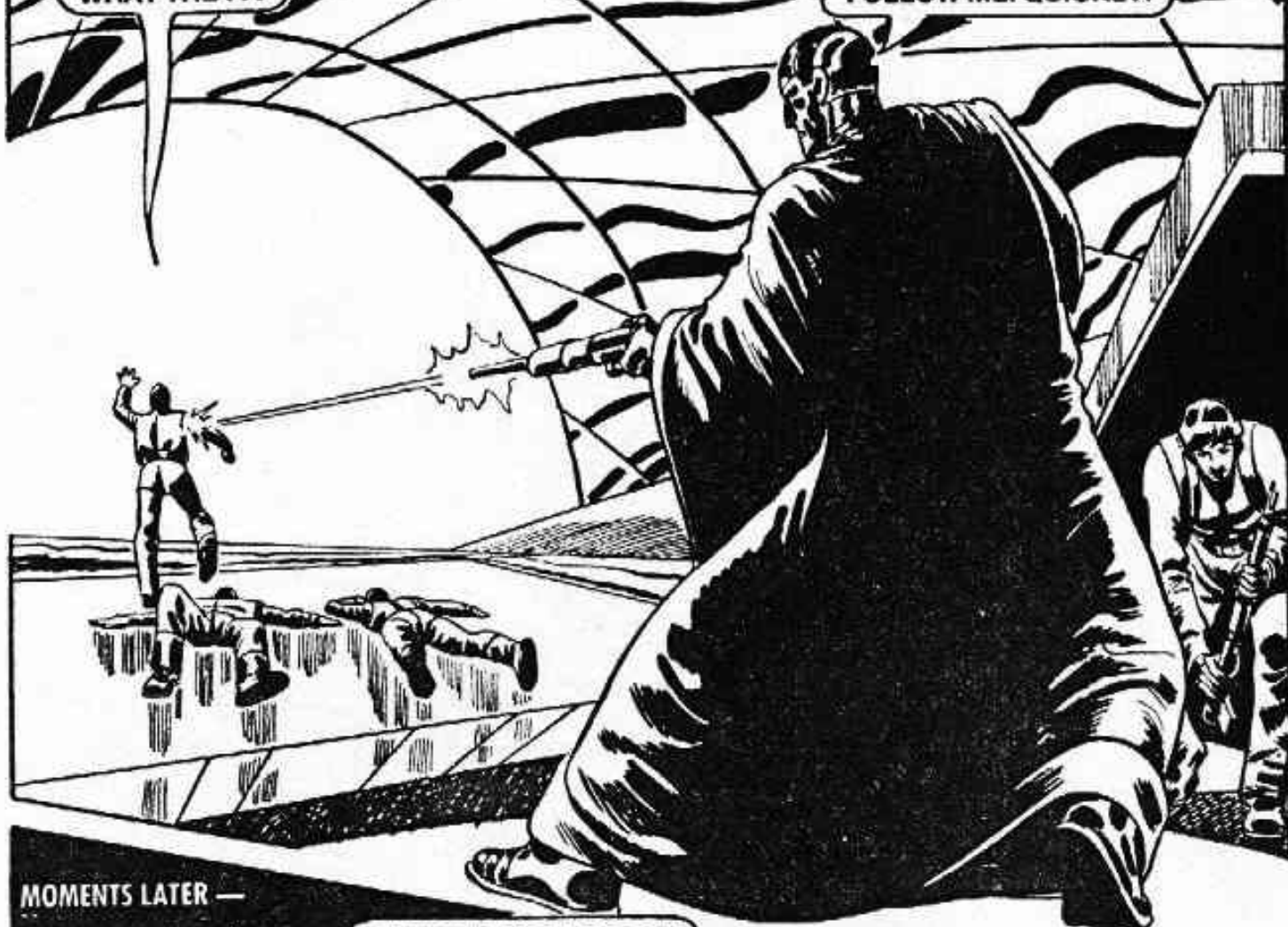
NOW THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS. FEEL BLASTERFIRE!



RENKO MOVED AT SPEED, HIS VOICE BOOMING OUT AT THOSE HE HAD RESCUED.

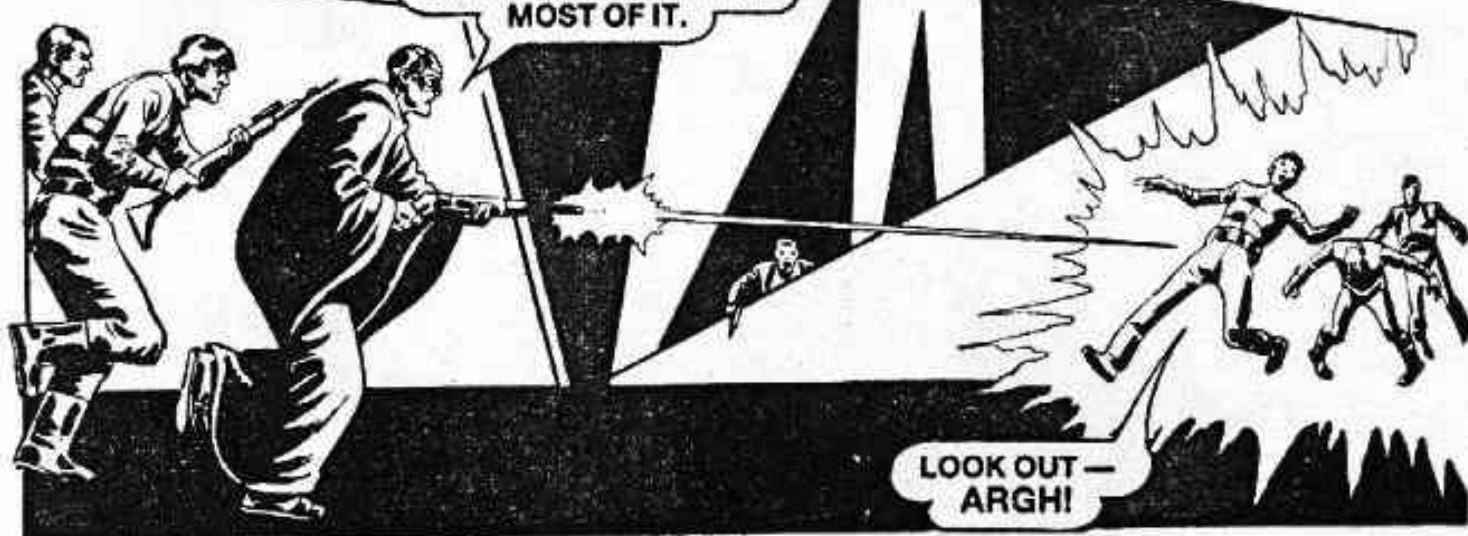
WHAT THE ...

GRAB THOSE WEAPONS AND FOLLOW ME. QUICKLY!



MOMENTS LATER —

WE HAVE SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE — BUT NOT FOR LONG. LET'S MAKE THE MOST OF IT.



LOOK OUT —
ARGH!

AT THE CONTROL CENTRE —

PEREFECT! CHAOS REIGNS ON
THE PLANET BELOW. TOTAL
COMMUNICATIONS BLACKOUT
— UTTER CONFUSION. WE CAN
INITIATE PHASE TWO — WHAT
THE?

SQUAD 3 — WIPED OUT!
COUNTER ATTACK —
LED BY BLUE!

BLUE?? POLICE NICKNAME
... I KNEW THERE WAS
SOMETHING ABOUT ...

I'M COMING
FOR YOU, VIG!

THAT SUITS ME!



HE'S LEADING ME AWAY FROM THE
MAIN BATTLE — CHOOSING HIS GROUND.



RENKO CHASED VIG THROUGH THE MAZE OF
SERVICE CORRIDORS, UNTIL —

YOUR VILE PLAN TO
DESTROY ZOOR MUST BE
STOPPED, VIG!



CORRECTION — IT IS YOU
WHO WILL BE STOPPED!



IT WOULD BE TOO EASY TO
BLAST YOU AWAY. ERGOR
FAILED AGAINST YOU WITH
AN AXE. I WON'T, FOR I AM
VIG — INVINCIBLE!



THE ENERGY PACK ON MY
WEAPON IS DRAINED.
WAIT — THAT METAL
RAILING.



EVEN AS VIG CHARGED, RENKO'S HAND SMASHED DOWN TO SEVER THE RAIL FROM ITS MOUNTING, AND —

I RELISH THIS COMBAT. I WILL NOT KILL YOU QUICKLY. THAT I PROMISE!

THIS IS A CRUDE VERSION OF MY TRUSTY QUARTERSTAFF — YET IT'S ALL I'VE GOT.

WHO ARE YOU, TREACHEROUS PIG?

A GHOST FROM YOUR PAST, VIG!



RENKO CONVULSED IN PAIN AS ENERGY FROM THE DAMAGED CONTROL PANEL RIPPED THROUGH HIM. HE CRASHED TO THE FLOOR NEAR THE ACTIVATED HATCHWAY ...

POWER SHOCK WEAKENED ME. HE'S TOO STRONG ...

NOW TO SEE WHO YOU ARE, CUR. OFF WITH THAT FACE MASK ...



RENKO WAS HELPLESS TO PREVENT VIG PULLING PART OF THE MASK FREE, BUT THE SIGHT OF RENKO'S REBUILT FACE STARTLED HIM MOMENTARILY—

WHO — WHAT ARE YOU?

... GRID EXPOSED ...

RENKO SEIZED HIS CHANCE IN THE INSTANT VIG WAS THROWN OFF GUARD ...

... DANGER ENERGY GRID ...

NOOOOO ...



AS THEY TUMBLED OVER INTO THE SHAFT, RENKO'S HAND CLAWED OUT —

AIEEEEEEE!

SAFE — BUT
ONLY JUST ...

PULLING HIMSELF OUT OF THE SHAFT,
RENKO REPLACED THE MASK AND MADE
HIS WAY TO THE CONTROL SECTION.

WE HAVE REGAINED CONTROL
OF THE STATION, THANKS TO
YOU. ALL COMMUNICATIONS
ARE RESTORED.

THEN MY WORK
HERE IS DONE.

MOMENTS LATER THE NOVA QUEEN WAS HEADING AWAY FROM ZOOR AT TOP SPEED. ITS DESTINATION — THE ASTEROID FIELD . . .



FURGAAR WILL BE WAITING FOR VIG'S SIGNAL THAT HIS MISSION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED. HE'S GOING TO GET SOMETHING HE HADN'T PLANNED FOR INSTEAD — A SHIP PACKED FULL OF EXPLOSIVES!

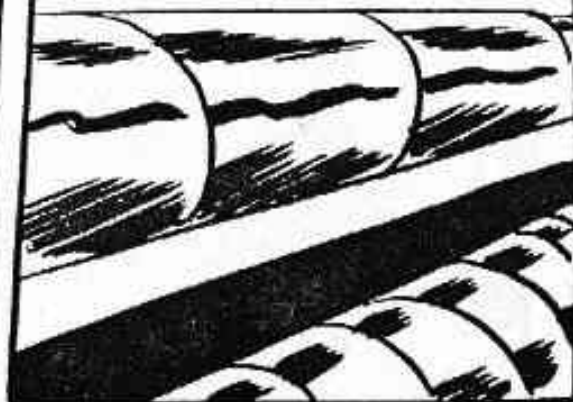


FINALLY —

WHAT IS HAPPENING, DOLT? WHY NO COMMUNICATION? IS ZOOR — ?



... DESTROYED? NO! VIG IS DEAD. SOON IT WILL BE YOUR TURN, FURGAAR.





YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD
IN THE FAR REACHES
OF SPACE, FURGAAR. I
— THAT LONE LEO —
SURVIVED. NOW IT IS
TIME FOR VENGEANCE.

OH, MY — RENKO!

IT'S ON A COLLISION
COURSE. TH-THERE'S
NO WAY TO GET CLEAR
IN TIME!

RENKO'S ESCAPE CRAFT
THURST CLEAR AS—

THE STRONTILCITE STORED
WITHIN THE ASTEROID HAS
DETONATED. SO ENDS HENGIS
FURGAAR AND HIS EMPIRE OF
EVIL.

SOME TIME LATER —



THIS IS STAAL OF LAW
ENFORCEMENT CONTROL.
JUST WHO ARE YOU?

I WAS ONE OF YOU ONCE.
NOW I'M NOT REALLY SURE
WHO ... OR WHAT ... I AM.
BETTER THAT I GO ON
ALONE ...

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